

Tazewell Co. Directory.

Circuit Court.
W. J. Henson, Judge; T. E. George, clerk. Terms of court—3rd Monday in February, and 4th Monday in May, August and November.

Officers.
T. C. Bowen, Com. Atty.
S. F. H. Harman, Deputy Sheriff.
Wm. Handy, Sheriff.
H. P. Brittain, Treasurer.
H. G. McCall, Deputy Treasurer.
P. H. Williams, County Supt. Schools.
Address, Snapps, Va.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. Christian Endeavor every Friday at 7 p. m. R. E. Elmore, pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH. Main Street. Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m., fifth Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

NORTH TAZEWELL CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching first and third Sundays 7 p. m., second and fourth Sundays 11 a. m. T. J. Eskridge, pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching second, third and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Preaching fifth Sunday at 11 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening 7 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN, BURKE'S GARDEN.—Preaching on first Sunday at 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. S. O. Hall, pastor.

Tazewell Preachers Council. Every Monday at 2 p. m.

SECRET ORDERS.
CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20 KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Gen.
Acting E. C.
W. G. YOUNG, Recorder.

O'KEEFE ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, NO. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
C. W. JONES, H. P.
W. G. YOUNG, Secretary.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets the 3rd Monday in each month.
J. F. HURT, W. M.
JNO. S. BOTTIMORE, Sec'y.

D. M. MAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims.

CHAPMAN & GILLESPIE, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

FULTON & COULLEN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. J. S. Fulton, W. M. Coulten, S. M. B. B. Jones, J. S. Fulton, Wytheville, Va. S. M. B. B. Jones, Tazewell, Va.

BEVER & GILLESPIE, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. J. W. Chapman, A. P. Gillespie.

W. ST. CLAIR, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Practices in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Particular attention paid to the collection of claims. Office—second building.

H. C. ALDERSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collection a specialty.

BOWEN & ROYAL, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collections given special attention. Office near Courthouse.

W. B. SPRAIT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Log counties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office at street building.

J. H. STUART, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Land titles in McDowell and Log counties, West Virginia, a specialty. Office at street building.

HENRY & GRAHAM, LAWYERS, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collections given special attention. Office near Courthouse.

A. S. HIGGINBOTHAM, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Tazewell, Va. Will practice in the courts of Tazewell county and in the Supreme Court of Appeals at Wytheville. Collections given special attention. Office near Courthouse.

C. T. PATTON
Blacksmith and General Repairer
TAZEWELL, VIRGINIA

I am prepared to execute, at short notice and on reasonable terms, all classes of iron work—horse shoeing, all kinds of repairing, etc.

There is also connected with my establishment a Wood-Working Department, under the control of J. B. Crawford where he is prepared to do everything pertaining to that branch.

Job Work...
The REPUBLICAN Job Office
Is complete in all kinds of work done neatly and promptly

LETTER HEADS
NOTE HEADS
ENVELOPES
BILL HEADS
STATEMENTS
AND SPECIAL JOBS.
Our price will be as low as those of any first-class office.

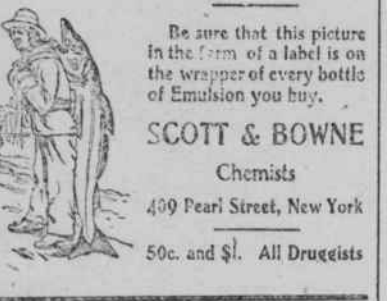
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

All Run Down

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anemic girls. We will send you a sample free.



Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists
409 Pearl Street, New York
50c. and \$1. All Druggists

LOVE'S LIFE.
Love, as the planets through all space are hurled.
And we, unseeing, choose this little world.
So I choose thee.
So I choose thee.
So I choose thee.

So wakes my heart in song, in gladness sweet,
And every living thing with joy I greet,
For thy dear sake,
For thy dear sake.

To be with thee, my head upon thy breast,
And feeling aside to feel the spirit's rest—
Through all life's day,
Through all life's day.

For Paradise let others search the spheres
I find it in thine eyes—midst smiles and tears—
So I claim thee—
So I claim thee—
Lilia Elizabeth Kelley, in Boston Transcript.

A Bean Threshing Idyll

By BELLE MANIATES

BURTON GREEN was equal to every occasion unless Dolly Lewis was present. Then his feet and hands assumed huge proportions, his tongue became tangled and his manner conspicuous—all of which were maddening to a man who was entirely in love with a girl, and not assured of reciprocity. Dolly, dainty and dimpled, was always friendly and agreeable, but never lent a helping hand to extricate him from his floundering state of embarrassment.

There is no saying how things might or might not have ended had not Dolly's father sent over to Horkeston for Walt Symonds to bring his engine and machine to thresh the beans which were stacked up in his barn.

Walt was quite a gay Lothario, and Burton's heart felt when he heard that Walt would be at the Lewis farm that day. Burton had been asked to help, so early in the morning he was on hand. Walt and the engine had not arrived. After watching and waiting all the morning, Farmer Lewis vouchsafed the belief that the engine had broken down on the road somewhere. Burton hoped it had—and Walt along with it. About noon they heard the whistle of the engine over the east road. At two o'clock they saw it creeping and stopping at intervals on the cross road leading to the farm.

"Didn't he know any better than to bring it over that hilly, sandy road?" asked Burton in disgust.

At three o'clock the engine balked again at the foot of a little rise in the road, not many rods from the farm. They all went out to the scene of the operations. Dolly sitting sympathetically on the bank, watching the unavailing efforts of Walt and his men. Burton had to grudgingly admit that there was no nonsense about Walt when there was work to be done. He pulled and tugged and forced the engine, but to no purpose.

"We've been working this way all day," he said. "The engine doesn't act right, and this road is a burn. I was never through this way before."

"Haven't you had any dinner?" asked Dolly in distress.

"No; we haven't had time to be hungry. Now, for our last effort!"

He put on all possible steam; the engine started desperately, tugged at the big machine, which was drawn up the incline a few inches, only to slip back again. Burton, who had gone to the house, now returned with a long chain. He suggested to Walt that they uncouple the engine and machine and connect them by the chain, which was long enough to permit the engine to clear the top of the hill, before the machine began the ascent.

The plan worked as expected, and the engine, machine and followers brought up at the barn.

"I always knew Burton was good, but I didn't know he was so clever," thought Dolly, sending an admiring glance to where he stood. He towered straight and stalwart above the others. He caught the look, and straightway became confused and awkward again. Then in a flash, Dolly's eyes were opened and she laughed softly to herself.

"I do believe Burton is sweet on me! I never dreamed of his caring for a girl."

The more Dolly reflected and looked at Burton, the stronger became her conviction that she was right, and she

began to wonder if she didn't care a little bit herself.

"I can see how a girl might love him," she meditated. "He is so big and strong and honest."

The plant of love flourishes wonderfully in some kinds of soil. Dolly's eyes began to grow softer in expression. Burton intercepted one of these new glances, and something gave him a sudden hope and courage. He crossed the barnyard in long strides to where she stood.

"It was very clever in you to get the machine up the hill, Burton," she said, lifting her brown eyes to his.

"I was glad to get the machine up, but I had just as soon have left the owner at the foot of the hill—or, most anywhere," he replied, tersely.

"What, Walt?" she asked, with wide-open eyes. "What have you got against him?"

"He makes love to every girl he sees."

Dolly turned her face away to hide a wicked little smile. Then she said, quietly:

"He used to. He doesn't any more!"

"He doesn't any more? How do you know? I didn't know that you knew him?"

"I haven't known him long, but he has asked father if he couldn't come over here often."

The awful look in Burton's face almost terrified her. He strode back to the barn, and Dolly, gazing after him, read resentment in every line of his figure.

She went to the house and held a little conversation with her sister Myra. Then the girls both came out and called to their father. He talked with them a few minutes and then returned to the barn.

"Say, boys," he announced. "It's too late to finish this job to-night, and you've all tired out anyway. You can stay all night and we'll tackle it in the morning. The girls say they will get up a dance if you'll stay."

"Well! I should say we would!" exclaimed Walt, going toward the house where Dolly was busy at the telephone. She had sounded a general call and was inviting everyone who responded.

"Oh, Dolly!" said Myra, who stood near the window. "There goes Burton down the lane. He doesn't understand. You run and tell him and I'll call up the rest of the folks."

Dolly flew down the lane.

"Burton," she called, in detaining voice.

He stopped and waited for her to overtake him, but his voice was stern and uncompromising.

"Aren't you going to stay to the party, Burton?" she asked.

"No," he said, resolutely.

"Oh, why not, Burton?"

"You know I don't dance," he said, stiffly, as he walked on a few steps. Then he paused irresolutely and came back to her.

"You know, too," he said, defiantly, "that I won't stand hanging around and seeing you dance with Walt Symonds, or anyone else for that matter."

Dolly stood silent for a moment. Their usual positions were reversed. He had the whip hand now and she was tongue-tied. She did not know what to say. This was unlike her other experiences. She turned and went homeward, and he continued his way, hating himself, Dolly and everyone, wishing the engine had broken down a mile away from that Walt had never laid eyes on Dolly.

Meantime Dolly's heart was beating fast and foolishly. She had admired Burton when he moved the engine, and she loved him when he glowered at her just now.

"He isn't like the others," she thought, shaking her golden-crowned head. "I mustn't make him too jealous."

When Burton, with bitter thoughts and despondent face, was finishing his evening work the young son of one of Farmer Lewis' tenants came up to him.

"Hallo, Burton! Here's a note Dolly sent you and she wants an answer."

Burton took it and read with beating heart:

"Dear Burton: If you will come to the party to-night I won't dance with Walt Symonds or anyone else. I'll sit out all the dances with you. You see how badly I want you to come."

"DOLLY."

He wouldn't let himself hope—yet! "I'll find out if she is fooling me before I go in the house again," he thought, as he wrote the following reply:

"Dear Dolly: Meet me in the cross-road where the machine broke down. I want to tell you something before I come to the party."

B. G.

He found her waiting at the place he had appointed. She was leaning against a cord which was neatly piled by the side of the road.

"Dolly," he began, abruptly, "you know I love you."

"What, I don't," she replied, hastily.

"What!" he said, sternly.

"Well—I didn't think so until this

afternoon."

"You know it when you told me Walt had asked your father if he could come to the house?"

"Yes."

"What did you tell me that for? To show me there was no hope? And yet you say you won't dance with him to-night?"

"Oh, Burton! He is coming to see Myra. She was there at Horkeston visiting, and he has asked father to come and see her."

"Dolly!" reproachfully. "Why didn't you tell me so this afternoon?"

"I—I don't know."

"Dolly," imploringly, "do you love me?"

"I—don't know! Wait until I think about it."

He lifted her suddenly in his arms and seated her on the woodpile and stood directly in front of her, her face thus brought on a level with his.

"No! I'll know now. I've been a long while getting my courage up to ask you, Dolly, but I am not going to be trifled with and kept on the rack as you have kept the others."

She looked into his strong, determined face, and a little thrill went through her, but she wanted to prolong the situation.

"Now can I tell, Burton—up here?"

"Take me down."

"No," he said, stubbornly.

"Can't you help me find out, Burton?" she asked, demurely, with a look that sent the blood like wine through his veins.

For answer he put his arms about her and kissed her.

"Now do you know, Dolly?"

All her desire to tease him suddenly vanished.

"Burton," she whispered, "I know now. I do love you."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Good Place to Die.
A sect in New Jersey is making preparations for the end of the world, which it thinks is close at hand. For the purpose of this sect New Jersey probably is as good a jumping off place as any.

According to the latest official statistics the numbers of the sexes in Holland are almost equal, women having a preponderance of only one per cent.

IS A VERY TRYING ORDEAL
Why Men Get So Tired When Being Fitted by the Tailor for New Clothes.

"Did you ever watch a man having a suit of clothes tried on?" asked a downtown tailor a few days ago of one of his customers, who was standing patiently as every crumb in the newly made coat was being analyzed in order that it might be smoothed out in the finishing.

"No," continued the man with the tape measure, according to the Washington Star. "Well, you will never understand what it is to have tailor-made clothes tried on until you make a point of watching some one else. You can't understand by going through the operation yourself. Are you aware that you have been gazing like a man working into the small hours and longing for his bed? You didn't know what made you so sleepy? Now, I'll tell you it's the measuring that does it. It's nothing peculiar to you. Why it is I don't know, but a man who can stand the hours of physical exertion, who can sit at his desk engaged in the most trying mental work all day long without showing fatigue, will go all to pieces in 15 minutes under the hands of his tailor."

"I usually give a strong man 15 minutes to get played out. At the end of that time he begins to gape and he stretches as much as he can without throwing the tailor entirely away from him. Then his fatigue grows rapidly. Many a man has fallen down before he was aware how entirely exhausted he has been under the ordeal of posing for the tailor. Not long ago one of my customers, weighing over 300 pounds, and a man reputed to have extraordinary strength, fell flat on the floor and nearly crushed me in going down. I tell you, you have to watch a man after he has been standing in this way for 15 minutes."

"The worst of it is men do not understand how soon they become exhausted standing erect without moving. Usually when they begin to gape they try to hide their fatigue. They don't understand how it is. They fight against it. But it's no use. Why is it they give out standing quietly when they could walk five miles without feeling tired?"

"I put that question to my physician some time ago and he pulled down one of his books on anatomy for me to look at. He opened it at a page on which the muscular system was shown. He pointed out the muscles that are used in walking and in all classes of exercise. He showed how the back is rested by a change of position. Then he pointed out the muscles that are brought into play in the act of standing erect. They are never used except by those whose duties require such

standing for long periods of time. The orderly develops them as he stands at an officer's door. The clerk behind the counter learns to use them. The orderly develops them as he stands at an officer's door. The clerk behind the counter learns to use them. The orderly develops them as he stands at an officer's door. The clerk behind the counter learns to use them.

RACE SUICIDE IN TURKEY.
Families Becoming Small to Such a Degree as to Alarm Government.

Turkey it seems is also confronted with the problem of race suicide. This is the more remarkable in Turkey because the prophet Mahomet made provisions which he thought would prevent such a state of affairs. The rule among the Turks 50 years ago was to marry young, every man to have several wives, and each to rear a large family.

But all this is changed. The Turk nowadays does not marry until late and then he usually has but one wife, and the families are becoming small to such a degree as to alarm the government.

The sultan is trying to remedy this matter. He is afraid his empire will be depopulated. So he has just recently issued an order on the subject by which he abolishes a great deal of the expensive display connected with Turkish marriages. He probably hopes in this way to make marriage easier and less expensive and so encourage the Turks to marry earlier and perhaps often.

"Browning" on Bank Notes.
Probably one of the oddest claims ever made on a bank is recorded as having been made against the National Bank of Belgium. An old peasant woman had on the pass a jacket containing bank notes of small denomination for \$48 in the pocket, and while she was at work her pet nanny-goat had got at the notes, which it had eaten.

The animal was killed, and the chewed paper recovered from the stomach was submitted in support of a claim for compensation, which the bank paid after verifying the facts by chemical analysis and other inquiry.

Queer Trip for Health.
A watched looking prairie schooner, propelled by a skin and bone harness, hopped one day lately for repairs in St. Louis. The old navigator of the craft said they had been on the road the last five months. They left North Carolina last June and traveled ever since. He said that he and his family were out for their health. They ate nothing but meats ever since they started on their long tour. Their health is mending.—Kansas City Journal.

Always Fresh.
He—Solomon said there is nothing new under the sun.
She—But he forgot one thing.
"What's that?"
"Scandal!"—Detroit Free Press.

HEALTH OF WHITE PEOPLE.
According to Naval Authority is Apt to Suffer in the Philippines.

Surgeon W. H. Bucher, of the navy stationed at Olongapo, P. I., has made an interesting report to the navy department regarding certain peculiar physical results of prolonged service in the Philippines. "There are certain changes," he says, "that take place in those individuals who are compelled to live here which are worthy of noting. Some show evidences of this change early, while in others it does not appear until considerable time has elapsed. It comes to all, however, in greater or less degree. The first symptom is loss of memory and the necessity of using a note book to jot down almost everything. About the same time an indifference, so common among the natives, made inroads on the foreigner and a daily battle against 'mama' tendency is necessary to keep him from interfering with his duties. This indifference is not confined to himself. The dogs in the street move about in a stupid state, and one is compelled to keep frequently on his guard to prevent running over these animals that have not concern enough for their welfare to move when in danger. An expression is used to designate this condition, Philippines. Among the enlisted force that arrives many are of unsound nervous organizations, and in the process of degeneration these people follow the lines of least resistance. Alcoholism, excessive use of tobacco and other excesses are the usual signs of an impoverished nervous system. Under ordinary circumstances, would require no stimulation. The drinking of vino is common among the enlisted force, and the train of unfortunate symptoms following this habit has no doubt been noted by others with longer experience than mine. While all these ills cannot be attributed to the climate and environment, there is a frequency in their occurrence and a manner about the way in which they are contracted that is different from that seen elsewhere. It was a wise step to cut the cruise in these islands down to two years, and I thoroughly believe that observations will prove that even two years is too long for a white man to maintain his health in this climate."

CHARACTER OF FILIPINOS.
Very Few Officials in Charge of Public Affairs Show Executive Ability.

Fred W. Atkinson, who was the first superintendent of education in the Philippines under the American control, writes of the Filipino in World's Work: "An experience of three years in the Philippines has brought me to the conclusion that the Filipinos are incapable of self-government. They are managed by a few ambitious leaders. They have not yet attained to the stage of fair play and tolerance for those who differ in opinion, and yet, although the gift self-government in full measure was not possible, the United States bestowed it to a degree by granting practical autonomy in provincial and municipal affairs. There are some 600 towns in which natives have in the main the same control over their local affairs as is enjoyed by the residents of towns of corresponding size in the United States, but a concentration of government powers has been found."

"Very few of them, however, show executive ability, and some of them betray obstinate inefficiency and inactivity."

The tendency everywhere in the east is in the direction of one-man power, and too often in the Philippines, the mayor or provincial governor dominates everything as far as he can. He is very ready with promises, but as someone has said: "The Filipino never says 'no,' but never does 'yes.'" When asked for information, he stumbles up, and is inclined to give you the answer he thinks you want. Indirectness is a trait and the giving of gifts by subjects to those in authority a custom common in the Philippines. From instinct the Filipino agrees with the boodier's opinion that there is no use in holding an office unless it can be turned to profit. It is hard for Filipinos to understand that the giving of presents to government officials is not right; it is very difficult for them to believe that a man, because he happens to be white, has any scruples against it. They look with a measure of contempt upon a man who refuses."

Black Lily of Philippines.
Duma's Black Lily has its modern version in the black lily, a flower of the Philippines whose beauty were born to blush unseen by the accidental eyes until recently discovered by two American teacher explorers, who detected it through its odor. The odor is by no means the proverbial fragrance of lilies white or orange-hued, but a pungent smell of rottenness that almost defeats and defies investigation.

The flower is called it Mayflower, as it blossoms during the month of May alone. While blossoming it is absolutely without leaves, which are put forth after the flower has died. The blossom rests directly on the ground and is about eight or nine inches high, with a calyx often one foot in diameter. The leaves often attain a height of three or four feet and are shaped like those of the calla lily, although they are divided into an irregular number of lobes and fronds. The odor seems to come from a clear, viscid fluid which exudes from the corolla and stigma, and is not present during leading time.—Nature.

Forcing His Growth.
Uncle—My word, Teddy, you are growing.
Yes; they water me too much. Why, I've got to take a bath every morning!—Jester.

QUEER COUP OF GAMBLERS
Interesting Reflections Suggested by Recent Shooting in New York City.

That a gambler who has been shot and mortally wounded by another gambler should doggedly refuse to identify and accuse his assailant, and that the assailant, on his part, when brought to the bedside of his dying victim, should refuse to take his hand—these things seem to ordinary men and women almost incredible, says the New York Times. But ordinary men and women must bear in mind the fact that gamblers are not of their kind; that they have altogether different ideas of conduct; that their emotions and passions are different and their conceptions of honor something quite out of the ordinary.

Of these two gamblers it might without any risk whatever be assumed that all their lives it has been their highest desire to feel themselves free to be generally looked upon as "dead-game sports." The obligation not to "peach," which notoriously inheres in the quality of "dead-gameness," was recognized as binding by the gambler who in peril of immediate dissolution would not identify and accuse the man who was known by the police and the bystanders to have shot him.

He was able to take care of himself, he said; that is, he asked no favors of the law, not even the posthumous favor of having his murderer to death in the electric chair. There are hundreds, maybe thousands, of tough youngsters in this city now ripe for lives of crime whose highest ambition it is to be considered dead-game sports. None of the honors and rewards of life commonly prized by men and women in degenerate would be held by these youngsters in any such esteem.

The murderer's refusal to take the proffered hand of his victim is readily accounted for on grounds of temperance and moral organization. The man who shot Roche seems to be a wholly unworldly being, a man with the low nervous organization of the brute and with only the rudiments of the higher faculties.

There are many such men walking the streets of New York, or of any other of the world's greatest cities, men to whom the forgiveness of an enemy even upon the enemy's deathbed would seem a weakness. Equally with his victim this gambler would be incapable of invoking the aid of the law to redress a private wrong.

BLUFF THAT ALWAYS WINS.
Reason the Young Man Here Described Drives Tandem and Puts on Style.

"I believe there are more bluffs made in this city than in any other in the union," granted an old chumman, as he looked out of the window on the crowds passing along Fifth avenue the other day, relates the New York Press, "and, in spite of the fact that we pride ourselves on being so sharp, I know of no other place where they prove so effective. Did you notice that young man who just drove by in a tandem? I happen to know something about him, and I can tell you he is a case in point."

Looks all right, you say? Of course, he does, and that is the whole thing. He is working the tandem bluff, and it looks as if it might be the making of him.

"He has not laid by a penny of his own, and certainly he does not own the team he drives. But here is his plan of operations, and notice how closely it hinges on the tandem arrangement of his team. In the first place no liverman is likely to refuse credit, and plenty of it, to a man who wants to go to a tandem race or two a week. He sizes him up obviously as a young blood with 'money to burn,' just the sort a keen horseman is anxious to have on his books. But the quiet young gentleman who wants to hire a victoria or a coupe for a couple of hours is likely to find he is expected to pay up at the end of his outing."

"It is the same along the avenue. No tailor or hosiery cares to appear too cautious with a man who dashes up behind his own tandem, and his credit goes up with a bound, though a man might drive a pair to a pole for a year without exciting any comment. Even his friends and acquaintances, to say nothing of strangers, are impressed by the show he makes; and by a few such well-judged appearances that man who just saw has established himself in circles both business and social to which in reality he has no earthly right to belong. In case you ever want to try it the tandem bluff is a certain winner."

Slang.
"Slang," said the college professor, who was sitting with me for his health, "is utterly without meaning" to the educated person."

uated person." "Hay, there, you four-eyed wisdom feeder!" yelled the sailor who had been watching current happenings instead of listening to the man of knowledge, "git a move on and play belly-whack real sudden, or that shift-in' double-black'll knock your bloom'n' nut off!" And the professor changed his position quite some prompt, thereby savin' of his skull.—Judge.

Magnetite in California.
Magnetite, which is used in the making of fire brick and other fireproof building materials, has been discovered in large quantities in Santa Clara and Stanislaus counties, California. They are the only known deposits in the United States. Hitherto America has imported magnetite from Greece and Syria.

Paper-Making in Africa.
South Africa is to enter the paper-making world. It having been found that a kind of grass which grows there makes an excellent grade of paper. British mill-owners are already putting up mills there.

HEROIC ARCTIC JOURNEY.
Performed by Relief Expedition in Search of Icebound Whaling Vessels.

Three fine gold medals have recently been struck at the Philadelphia mint and forwarded to officers of the United States revenue cutter service for a deed of heroism performed during the winter of 1897-98. As it came at a time when the United States was interested in records of war—the achievements of army and navy against Spain—the exploit has not received the attention it deserves, but it is well worth the reputation which the Washington Post gives it.

In November, 1897, the owners of whaling vessels of the Pacific fleet received information that eight whalers were caught by the early closing in of the ice-pack, and that there was danger of starvation if food was not sent to them at once. The president ordered a relief expedition to be fitted out and the cutter Bear was chosen for the service.

The overland expedition was put on shore at Cape Vancouver. There was a train of four sleds carrying supplies and camp equipment, and drawn by 41 dogs. At the start the snow was deep and all the party travelled on snowshoes, while four Eskimos went ahead to break the trail.

The storms and gales were furious, but the little company pressed on until they had completed the journey of 1,500 miles. The travelers did not, as they are supposed to do, sit back on a log and feel themselves safe from the heads of the dogs. The men of this outfit had not merely to walk, but to push, haul and sometimes to harness themselves to the sleds.

At first the officers found the work almost killing, but they gradually grew accustomed to it. For half the distance they drove a herd of nearly 500 reindeer, a no light piece of work in itself. A small Lapp dog kept the deer from straying.

The last part of the journey was most trying and often it seemed as if disaster must overtake them. Blizzard followed blizzard; packs of wolves troubled the herd; heavy snows obliterated beacons and landmarks, and the whole company suffered painfully from the cold. At one time one section of the party was separated from the rest. Food ran low and all that was left for the dogs was a little "four soup." The poor creatures became so ravenous that they ate the lashings of their sleds, and even the clothes of the men were not safe from their appetites.

On March 29 the train drew up the Point Barrow settlement. The officers and men of the wrecked vessels were almost stunned at its appearance. They had not thought it possible for any help to reach them in the winter. All was excitement and relief in the camp. Their provisions were sadly low, and sickness was prevalent. No time was lost getting the men into new quarters, feeding them well, and forcing them to keep clean. Then they

continued the man from New England. "I was two days in New York this summer. Never had been there before, and they were hot days. I started out to see the sights, and walked a good bit. I'm no lightweight, as you see, and soon I would drink a drink of water. I never do drink anything but water, and on this occasion felt as if I wanted a gallon or so, but I couldn't find any. I stopped a man on the street and said to him: 'My friend, do you know where I can get a drink of water?' He took me to a miserable grocery; we walked up to the bar and he asked the man in charge to give me a glass of water. I ought not to have gone into the barroom, and would not if I had known where I was going, because I am opposed to giving them the slightest encouragement, even that of my presence. The man poured me out about a big tinful of water, when I wanted a celery glass full, and it tasted of spirits to me. Same way all along. I couldn't get a drink without violating my principles and going into a gin mill, which I always got second-hand taste of whiskey or some other poisonous stuff."

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wanted through long months until the Bear could make her way to their relief.

President McKinley, in a tribute to the brave officers who made the overland journey, said: "The expedition is a victory of peace the results of which cannot well be magnified, and the countless courage of the men stamps them as true heroes."

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